THE MOCKING BIRD.

GRADUAL EXTERMINATION OF THE SONGSTER OF THE SOUTH.

Shot by Unsentimental Hunters-Robbing the Nests-The Mocking Bird from a Sentimental Point of View-His Wonderful Powers of Song.

A great deal has been written during the last three years concerning the grad-ual extermination of the south's splendid songster, the mocking bird, or to be more definite, the Mimus Polyglottus. The Telegraph first called attention to the subject, and I see no reason to doubt that the theory then advanced to account for the growing scarcity of the birds was and is a true one. The reason given was the unchecked alaughter of the birds by negro "portsmen," and the destruction or capture of their young from wantonness or a desire for gain. The theory has been com-bated. It is stated by some that the Eng-lish sparrow is driving out the singers. By others that the destruction of the for-ests has something to do with the evil. It is even suggested that hurricanes may be the real cause. None of these theories will stand the test. The English sparrow can not, in fact no bird can, drive out the nockers, who belong to a game and belligerent family. The common mocking bird will attack dogs, cats, hawks, crows, and buzzards when they invade his range, and I have never known one of them to give up the contest. He is not a forest bird, but of the fields. He prefers an open situation and the haunts of men. The orchard, hedge, a solitary haw bush, orchard, hedge, a solitary naw bush, where he has plenty of sunlight and a breadth of view, suits him best. And it is in the fields and orchards that he finds food. Of all nests his is probably the most carefully built, and little trouble is taken to conceal it. He seems to feel that his song is the price of security, and this mistake is fast playing havoc with him.

DESTRUCTION BY NEGRO HUNTERS. Up to emancipation times, or rather the close of the war, mocking birds were plentiful every where in Georgia. During the years that followed freedom armed a race to whom guns had been forbidden. The negro became an enthusiastic hunter, but he was unskilled and could not gratify his craze for destroying only upon birds that were nearest at hand. Mocking birds, cardinals, jo-reels, catbirds and thrushes went down as easy conquests before a class that had never been taught better, and had neither sentiment nor conscience. The negro hunter of to-day, with possibly a few exceptions, are not wing shots, and they fill their bags with birds that can be killed in the trees. It goes without saying that these are the birds that should be spared to the fields and to society. My observation has been that few, very few, negroes will pass, gun in hand, anything that has feathers and is large enough to cook, and this is borne out by the fact that the bluejay, the wood-pecker, and the catbird are disappearing from the fields and woods almost as fast as the mocking bird proper.

The destruction of the mocking bird has been more rapid because his nest has been systematically robbed by parties of both colors for private gain or gratification. A year or two since we noted one shipment of these birds from Savannah which contained 600 or 700. Upon the streets of this and all other cities they are openly sold every summer.

When, however, we look at him from a sentimental point, the wonder that any one can harm a member of the mocking bird family increases. No song bird in the world can equal the sweetness of his notes or sustain a song so long. No bird known to naturalists can produce the notes of others and of fowls or even animals with such precision and in such combination. The little gray singer that balances himself upon treetops, or dances along the ridges of our houses, seems to have all the bird notes of the land at his tongue's end, and to delight in weaving them into new forms of beauty. That he has never been the poet's theme to the extent that the lark, the nightingale, or even the robin has, I attribute to his name. It is n for verse, nor is it at all poetical. Had he borne the name of Orpheus, as does his cousin, of the Greater antilles, he would have filled the song lore of the south. Paul Hayne, William Hamilton Hayne, and a few others have used him, but none have conquered his plebeian name.

SONGS OF THE MOCKING BIRD. Mocking birds can be taught almost anything in the way of tunes. Macon used to boast of a bird that whistled "Dixie," and years ago a Frenchman traveled about the country piaying airs upon the piano which his bird would follow accurately. At the Pulaski house, in Seventular and the programment of Savannah, a negro used to keep a bird that would whistle a good alto to tunes his master whistled.

One of the most popular errors con-cerning the mocking bird is the belief that he has no song of his own; that he adopts and blends only the notes of other birds into a song. This is pure nonsense, The young mocking birds reared in the gar-rets of great cities and beyond the reach rets of great cities and beyond the reach of the songs of others sing as do the natives in their freedom, though not as strongly, since they lack the inspiration of mates, the mellow sunlight and liberty. Their song, is, in fact, a number of songs, but entirely original. No man ever heard the divisions of the mocking, bird's heard the divisions of the mocking bird's song in any forest. That he intersperses them with cat-calls, the hawk's screech, the whir of the bull bat and chicken's melancholy "peep," and notes from other birds is true, but these are only characters in his recitative ballad, features in the ro-mance of his summers. That he sings his parts backward and forward and combines them anew is also true. The mocking bird's song is to the ear what the kaleidoscope is to the eye, and the combinaations of his songs are as endless as the glass forms in the toy. But the song

notes are the same.

The bird is probably the most continuous singer in the world, but there are two weeks out of every fifty-two when nothing can tempt him to sing, and that is when he is molting. At such times he may be found moping in a secluded spot lost in rayless melancholy. He looks then hot and sick, and the only note he utters is a short low whistle, not unlike that which the fat man makes as he removes his hat and mops his brow. Perhaps during this season the bird lays aside mockery, repents, and makes good resolutions.—Ma-con (Ga.) Telegraph.

Great Achievement of Science.

The free Monday scientific lectures have become such a passion among the daughters of the lowly at Birmingham, England, that "wash-day" has been changed to Tuesday, which The London Globe considers the greatest achievement of science thus far.—Chicago Herald. Selling Relics of Gen. Winfield Scott.

There was an auction the other day in the old home of Gen. Winfield Scott. It was a clearing out of the old furniture and various odds and ends which the pompous old general had collected in his pretty long life. But no one seemed to take any particular interest in it. Gen. Scott is as completely forgotten in New York as if he had died fifty or sixty years ago. The present generation knows hardly any thing about him, except that he made rather poor work handling the troops in and around Washington at the beginning of the war. For the best of reasons (because it was not born soon enough) it has no recollection at all of the tremendous pow wow there was when the Whigs ran him for president against

Franklin Pierce.
So when the auction of his relics and old furniture took place, very few persons took the trouble to attend it. The buyers were chiefly dealers in second-hand furniture, and the prices were consequently low, very low. Nothing on the catalogue appeared to have any historic value at all. Each article was knocked down for what it might be worth in a second-hand shop, whitout the least reference to its original owenership. That, however, was to be expected. New York has no sentiment. It cares nothing for relics. All that it sees is the market value of things, and when spending money it always acts accordingly.—New York Letter.

"Columbia" Is the Poet's Name. It is a fact generally lamented by the biographers of Columbus that his name was not given to his country. It is a ques-tion with us whether he suffered or gained by the accident. We are strongly inclined to think the latter. Certain things and certain countries have over-names that have about the same relation to common names as the flowers have to the vegetable of a garden; as holidays or sacred attire has to every-day habiliment; as the majestic flag has to the tents of the soldiery. Such a name is Columbia. It is the name that is on the lips of the returning citizen as yet far out at sea he discerns in the blue distance the shores of his native land stretched out beneath this western sky. It is the name the last view of his flag suggests to the dying patriot. America is in geographies, scientific charts and common speech; but Columbia is the land where dwells and reigns the goddess of liberty. America is written in international commercial transactions and diplomatic correspondence; but Columbia is sung in the hymns of patriotism, and breathed forth from hearts swelling with the inspiring impulses of national pride and love. America is a cognomen; Columbia is a title. America is our name in the market-place; Columbia is our name at the altar.—R. C. Craven in Chicago

Absent-Mindedness in Time of Battle. "I know something of the humiliation that comes through a little mistake my-self," said a one-legged veterau. "In one engagement every man in the company went into the fight with sixty rounds of catridges. After we had been in for an hour or more the report went from man to man that they must have more ammunition. Some of the men had fired more rapidly than others and the captain or-dered a collection of cartridges for a new distribution among the men of the com-pany. When they came to my cartridgepany. When they came to my carringe-box they found every cratridge in its place and two extra bunches in my haversack. I had gone through the whole fight snapping my gun without fiving more than once. I certainly had gone through the motions of loading and firing, but there was the evidence that I had not fired more than a single shot while other men in the company had fired forty and sixty shots. No explanations could be made. In fact, I had none to make. I didn't understand how it all happened and I never fully recovered from the shock that the knowledge of my absent-minded-ness in time of danger gave me."-Inter Ocean "Curbstone Crayons."

Lying with the Head High. It is often a question amongst people who are unacquainted with the anatomy and physiology of man, whether lying with his head exalted or even the body, is most wholesome. Those who consult their wn ease on the point arguein favor o that which they prefer. Now, although many delight in bolstering up their heads at night, and sleep soundly without injury, it is nevertheless a dangerous habit. The vessels through which blood passes from the heart to the head, are always lessened in the cavities when the head is resting in bed higher than the body; there-fore, in all diseases attended with fever, the head should be pretty near on a level with the body; and people ought to accus-tom themselves to sleep in this position to avoid danger.—Hall's Journal of

A "Flower Concert" in Massachusetts. A "flower concert was given at Concord, Mass., the other evening. A screen, painted to represent a scene in a flower garden, stood on the stage, and before it were potted plants in profusion. Some of the painted flowers were very large, and in the center of each big flower was an opening, skillfully concealed by a movable cover. Behind the screen stood the singers, and their faces appeared in the center of the flowers. The singing flowers were a rose, a dahlia, a sunflower, a daffodil, a pansy, a lily, a tulip, a daisy, and a buttercup.—Chicago Herald.

Eastern Visitors in San Francisco. So far as the attire of eastern visitors is concerned it is not, all other things equal, as good as ours. That is, taking into consideration the wearer's station in life, the clothes of the eastern man or woman are not as good material or as well made as the Californians'. There is a noticeable carelessness also as to headgear, footgear and neckwear as compared with the old residents. The step is not so quick, the motion of the head is slower, and the newcomers don't look as well fed.—San Francisco Report.

Lumber from the Cypress Swamps.

The western men are enthusing over the southern cypress swamps, and are reported buying liberally with a view of cutting and sending north. Such an experi-ment was made by one of our railways a year or so ago, purposing to use the wood for their passenger cars, but found it so heavy and so susceptible to frosts that they worked it into freight car frames and will have none of it again. Its weight, about four tons to the 1,000 feet when green, will be its greatest hindrance in shipment.—

The Trouble About His Umbrella.

"It looks like wain, old fellaw. I guess we'd bettaw have a hansom." "What do you want a hansom for? It's only half a dozen blocks, and you've got your um-brella." "Yaas, deah boy. But it's my walking umbwellaw, I cawn't use it faw a wain umbwellaw. I could nevaw wap tt up again don't you know.".-Town TopBOING UP A FLY-SCREEN MAN.

The Proprietor Was Very Busy-Conduct Which Was "Grossly Outrageous."

He had a sample fly-soreen under his arm, and he turned aside and entered a little shoe shop on Lafayette street east. "I vhas werry busy to-day," said the cobler, as he looked up.

"Y-e-s, I suppose so, and so are the flies," was the reply. "My friend, have you given any thought to the momentous query: 'Shall I Keep the Flies Out or In This

"I haf to git this boot done in half an

"Exactly, and I don't propose to hinder you. I am taken orders for fly-screens. You can peg, peg away, while we talk, talk fly-screens."

"I doan' vhant some." "That is to say, you propose to sit in this shop all summer and encourage the visits of winged insects. Do you know how much time a man loses in four months in striking at flies?"

"I doan figure cop on him."
"Of course you don't, but I have. You will lose just two days in every month. That's eight days thrown away, and not a fly killed. Now, then—"
"I don't vhant some fly screens."

"That is, you think you don't. How many cubic feet of air do you think comes through that door in four months?"

"Maybe millions! How much dust do you suppose accompanies that air?"

"I vhas werry busy." "Exactly, but more than two bushels of dust enter this shop by way of that door, and you inhale at least half of it. How many microbes accompany the dust?"

"Dis shop was under mortgage, you

"That's all right, but for ten hours a day you inhale 100 cholera microbes an

"Und maypee I moof avhay to Chicago in June.' "Suppose you do. A fly-screen door is portable property. There are flies and dust and microbes in Chicago as well as Detroit. Do you want to die of cholera?"

"If I die it whas all right. If I live I hat the control of the control

to work all der time. I visas a great handt to be alone in my shop." -"Certainly you are, but the question remains: 'Shall flies light on your coat or not?' I will make you a door——"

"I vhas werry busy."
"Don't doubt it, but you owe something to yourself. Two dollars and a half will buy the door complete, and I want to tell you that our—"

"Great Heafens! go avhay! I vhas busy! I doan' vhant some doors! I doan' vhant some fly-screens!"

"You don't. If you don't want a door why did you encourage me? Why did you take a quarter of an hour of my valuable time? Do you suppose I can stop and figure up cubic feet of air and bushels of dust and numbers of microbes to gratify idle curiosity?"

"I like you to go avhay!"

"Well, I'll go. Why didn't you say so at first? What have I done to you that you should want to injure me by robbing me of my time? Your conduct is outrageous, sir-grossly outrageous?"

The shoemaker jumped and locked the door as soon as the man was out. For a moment they glared at each other through the dusty glass, and then the fly-screen

"It's a shameful case, and I'll keep at eye on you! It it just such trifling conduct as yours, sir, which has brought this comparty to where it is. Why didn't you tell me when I came in that you didn't want, a fly-screen door?"—Detroit Free Press.

The Beauties of "Ground Rent." "Do you know our largest real estate

owners don't pay hardly any taxes, and some of them pay none at all?" suggsted a

lawyer the other day.

"How can that be?" asked the reporter.

"The fee simple title to about one-tenth of all the ground within the city proper, that is, of that lying between the hills, is in families who have perpetually leased the land, subject to ground rents. Ground rent is one of the nicest things in the world for the owner of it, but an awful aggravation for the owner of the leasehold. The owner of the fee need never worry about his rents like the landlords do, for he not only, has a lien for his rents upon the ground, but also upon all improvements erected upon the land by tenants. If the tenants upon the land by tenants. If the tenants FURNISHING GOODS, HATS, SHOES, and BOY'S, are full of choice novelties for the SPRING AND SUMMER SEASON.

Call early and make your selection. the county. In all cases where property is leased for more than fourteen years the statutes say the lessee shall pay all taxes. So you see the bloated ground-rent pro-prietor pays not a cent of tax. He is never worried with assessments for street improvements, nor fire insurance, nor making repairs, nor painting, nor puttin-dead-beat tenants out of the house. At the labor he performs is like that of the coupon-clipper."—Cincinnati Enquirer In-

Formation of English Public Opinion. There must be some reason for the Lon don papers being always wrong in their estimate of public opinion, and this reason, I take it, is that their editors and power ful writers still fancy that West End clubs and West End drawing rooms are places where public opinion is formed. This was the case when the country was governed by rival London coteries between whom there was little real difference in fundamental issues. At that time the people took very little interest in politics, and seldom regarded an election as anything beyond a fight between the blues and the yellows.—London Truth.

Discovery of a New Substance. Professor Stamford, the English Edison, has discovered a new substance which promises to become a popular article of commerce. "Algine," a residuum of commerce. "Algine," a residuum of macerated fucus (sea-tang), combines the qualities of a mordant, an esculent, and a superlative adhesive. It fixes a variety of colors used by cotton-dyers. In certain combinations it is as nutritious as grapesugar, while in one of its forms its adhesiveness exceeds that of gum-arabic not less than twenty-six times.—Cor. Chicago Times.

The Queerest Thing in Salt Lake. "I noticed an odd thing in Salt Lake City," said a real estate man who has just returned from a trip to the west. "Real estate out there is sold by the rod. Country places are not described as containing so many acres, but as so many rods square. The same thing is true of the city lots. They are not described by feet frontage and depth, but by rods. This, to me, a Chicagoan, was more difficult to become accustomed to than the plurality of wives." -Chicago Herald.

Proposing to Boycott the Gentiles. The Mormon church proposes to boycott the Gentiles in Utah. All Mormans who dare to patronize Gentiles are to be disfellowshipped.—Inter Ocean.

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